

THE CITIZEN.

The Citizen wishes its readers a Happy New year. Let us all make it so for the others.

VOL. VIII.

Five Cents a Copy.

Berea, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

One Dollar a Year.

NO. 28

IDEAS.

A bright New Year and a sunny track
Along an upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back
When the year has passed away.
Now every year the gifts appear;
New praise from our lips shall wound
And golden sheaves, nor small nor few:
This is my New Year's wish for you.

WINTER TERM

Berea College

OPENS WEDNESDAY,
JANUARY SECOND

1907

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The National Assembly of Ecuador, South America, on December 24th, elected Gen. Eloy Alfaro, the acting President, to be permanent constitutional president for four years. Alfaro received a large majority of the votes cast and his election is very popular.

On December 24th Governor Magaña signed the order appointing a commission to revise the laws of Cuba.

It is reported that Raisuli, a sort of robber chief in the country of Morocco, in Africa, is arming bands of men near the city of Tangier, and it is feared that he intends to attack the forces of the Sultan who rules Morocco.

James Bryce, a noted British statesman has been appointed ambassador of England to the United States. He is closing up his business affairs and getting ready to come to Washington.

King Leopold of Belgium has given over his ownership and rule of the so called Congo Free State to the Belgian government. The parliament of that nation accepted this action of the King on December 14. It is now the plan for Belgium to annex the Congo State.

A constitution for the Transvaal in South Africa, which was conquered a few years ago by English soldiers, was given to that country by England on December 12th. It goes into effect immediately.

It is reported that the Czar of Russia has approved of a bill giving to the Jews in Russia equal rights with other citizens. For a long time the Jews there as well as in many other places, have been fearfully oppressed.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY

On December 24th, Mayor Woodward of Atlanta, Ga., ordered all saloons of the city closed from 4 o'clock p.m. until Wednesday morning, as there were rumors that attacks would be made on negroes on Christmas day.

A race war is feared in Mississippi. Negroes have filled the little town of Wabash, and threaten vengeance on the whites because a negro was killed by a conductor while he was trying to quiet a disturbance on his train. Soldiers were on the way to Wabash on Dec. 24th to protect the white residents there.

Joseph P. Smith, head of the Mormon Church, some weeks ago confessed that he had disobeyed the law in unlawful cohabitation with one of his wives. Now he has been summoned as a director of the Union Pacific R.R. to answer charges of giving illegal rebates. Week before last there was a warm debate in the U. S. Senate in regard to the Mormon Senator Smoot. Senator Burrows of Michigan spoke, representing a majority of the senate committee which recommends that Smoot be excluded from the Senate. Senator Dallin (7th) charged President Roosevelt and the republican leaders with putting party success above national good in supporting Mormon candidates in Idaho, Utah and Montana in the last election.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY

More gold is being discovered in Estill county. Some time ago it was found at Wingersville and near Irvine, and now within the last few weeks a good mine has been located at Cobb Hill, as a result it is said, of following out some clews found in some old papers left by an Indian.

Much interest has been excited thru the country by the story of Lindsay B. Hicks, a Kentuckian by birth, who was imprisoned for about two weeks in a mine in Bakersfield, Cal., and after very hard experiences was

If 1907 is to be better than 1906.

If the new year is to be a better for you than the old one has been, three things you must do,—and you can do them:

First, you must believe in yourself. You can do more than you think you can, and more than you ever have before. You were meant to be greater and better than you are. You can do some things that no one else in the world can do. You have a splendid year before you.

Secondly, you must believe in those about you. They are a good deal worse than you think, but they are also a good deal better than you think. They are more ready to help you and more ready to do what is fair and right than you think. If you believe in them they will help you and you can help them.

Thirdly, you must believe in God. Believe that He loves you and will do everything that is good for you if you are obedient to Him. He knows what you need much better than you do, and He has much finer, grander plans for you this next year than you have for yourself. Believe in Him and let Him make you what He wants you to be and you will be sure to have a Happy New Year.

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DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Young Ladies in Berea College who are descendants of men who fought under Washington in the Revolutionary War.

The White House
Washington

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.
September 20, 1906.

My Dear Dr. Frost:

I wish you good luck. I wish all good fortune to Berea College. I believe profoundly in the loyalty of these mountain people from whom came Abraham Lincoln, one of the two greatest American Presidents. Berea College has made friends for these people in the North and in the East, in places where they were but little known and but little understood. I firmly believe that through the instrumentality of educational institutions such as Berea College, all of Appalachian America will prove a storehouse of national vigor and patriotism, and that the rise of this part of our common country will be an inestimable benefit to all the United States.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Dr. William Goodell Frost,
President, Berea College,
Berea, Kentucky.



CLOVER HOLLOW CABIN.
One of the favorite buildings of Berea College—Logs make good houses—Many Rich People Prefer them to Sawed Lumber.

finally rescued December 22. Hicks did some serious thinking while shut up in the walls of earth and granite and made up his mind to let whiskey alone for the rest of his life. It might be well for a few more Kentuckians to be shut in mines a while.

Wasting Good Oak.

But few people are aware of the fact that there is still a good deal of money to be made by making tank staves out of white oak trees. This class of work is not hard and

is very profitable to the farmer, who has little to do after the crops have been harvested. There are farmers who still persist in using oak trees for making their fences, when wire fences are much better, last longer and are a good deal cheaper. Any farmer would do well to write to the Shreveport concern asking for further particulars regarding this kind of work. They will give directions as to the different sizes of the tank staves that they require and will pay good prices for these tank staves delivered at the railroad station. When writing, address Friedlaender & Oliven Co., P. O. Box 502, Shreveport, La.

The Mountain Champion.

Roosevelt Believes in the Mountain People—Do We Believe in Ourselves—Thoughts for the New Year.

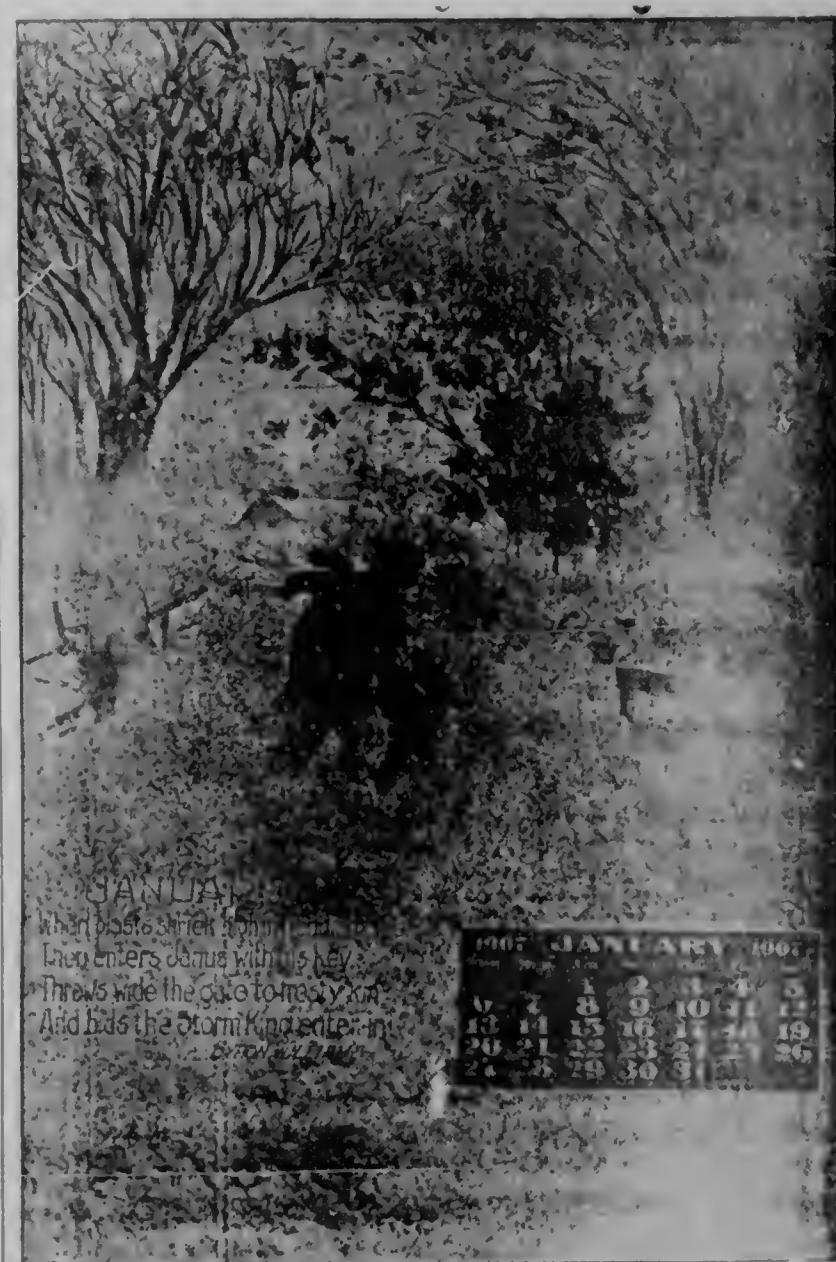
The letter of President Roosevelt which we print this week should stir the heart of every man, woman and child in Eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, the western parts of the two Virginias and the two Carolinas, and the northern parts of Georgia and Alabama.

We people of the mountains have been somewhat forgotten, despised and run over by our neighbors in the richer parts of our states, and we have sometimes been either too proud or too faint hearted to stand up for ourselves in the best way. But all that is in the past and can be forgotten.

Here is the President of the United States showing his confidence in us, and in what can be made out of our children. He reminds us that Abraham Lincoln was born in a Kentucky log cabin. He expects that through such education as is coming in reach of us through Berea College all this mountain region will become a storehouse of national vigor and patriotism.

This is what Dr. Pearson of Chicago believes and he has shown his sincerity by his great gifts of money to Berea to help the College help the mountain boys and girls.

This is what thousands of mountain people and children have believed and by careful work and careful planning they have put over a thousand students a year into Berea, and now



JANUARY
When frost strikes again
The trees enter dormancy
They close the gate to misery
And bid the storm king adieu.



1907 JANUARY 1907
1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31

The Charter of the Berea National Bank.
No. 8435.

Treasury Department.

Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

Washington, D. C., November 17, 1906.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The Berea National Bank," in the Town of Berea, in the County of Madison and State of Kentucky, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now therefore I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Berea National Bank," in the Town of Berea, in the County of Madison, and State of Kentucky, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof my hand and seal of office this seventeenth day of November, 1906.

[SEAL]
T. P. KANE,
Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

Bank opens December 1.

S. E. WELCH, Pres.

WRIGHT KELLY, Vice-Pres.

J. L. GAY, Cashier.

New Year is—I will make more of my self, to the glory of God.
The next good resolution for the New Year is—I will be more helpful to my neighbor.



Zest for Christmas

If you have never tried the delightful, appetizing, nutritious, strength giving breakfast food ZEST begin today and when Xmas arrives you will by that time benefited so much from its use that your Xmas shopping its attendant worries; its many forms of fatigue will disappear and all thru what would be otherwise a disagreeable task, becomes a pleasant duty, and you will go thru it with a sunny Jim disposition. Try ZEST today. We have many other kinds of breakfast foods; but the superior kinds only.

G. M. GREEN

MAIN STREET. Phone No. 98
Deliveries made to all parts of the city.



A SONG OF GLADNESS.

Come, "Children of the Heavenly King,"
With grateful hearts, rejoice and sing;
Let us with one accord draw near;
A song of gladness all should hear.

God's wondrous love through bygone
years
Hath triumphed over doubt and fears;
Discordant notes have taken wing;
A song of gladness we should sing.

God's guiding hand hath led the way,
And turned our darks into day;
The fates of truth shall not destroy;
This song of gladness tells our joy.

God's loving Spirit hath been given
That chains of sin might all be riven.
We thank Thee, Lord, with heart and
voice;
With songs of gladness we rejoice.

As in the years now passed away,
So let the flock, the bumble pray—
Till safe at last on farther shore,
We sing with gladness evermore.

—John M. Morse, in *N. Y. Observer*.

THE GRAFTERS

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

"You don't understand, David. If you could be sure of a fair-minded judge and an unbiased jury—you and those who are implicated with you, but you'll get neither in this machine-ridden state."

"We are going to have both, after you have filled your two columns—by the way, you are still saving those two columns for me, aren't you?—in tomorrow morning's *Argus*. Or rather, I'm hoping there will be no need for either judge or jury."

The night editor shook his head again, and once more he said, "My heaven!" adding: "What could you possibly hope to accomplish? You'll get the receiver and his big boss out of the state for a few minutes, or possibly for a few hours, if your strike makes them hunt up another railroad to return on. But what will it amount to? Getting rid of the receiver doesn't annul the decree of the court."

Kent fell back on his secretive babble yet once again.

"I don't care to anticipate the climax, Hildreth. By one o'clock one of two things will have happened: you'll get a wire that will make your back hair sit up, or I'll get one that will make me wish I'd never been born. Let it rest at that for the present; you have work enough on hand to fill up the interval, and if you haven't you can distribute those affidavits I gave you among the compositors and get them into type. I want to see them in the paper to-morrow morning, along with the other news."

"Oh, we can't do that, David! The time isn't ripe. You know what I told you about—"

"If the time doesn't ripen to-night, Hildreth, it never will. Do as I tell you, and get that stuff into type. I do more; write the hottest editorial you can think of, demanding to know if it isn't time for the people to rise and clean out this atrocity once for all."

"By Jove! David, I've half a mind to do it. If you'd only unbuckle yourself a little, and let me see what my backing is going to be—"

"All in good season," laughed Kent. "Your business for the present moment is to write; I'm going down to the Union station."

"What for?" demanded the editor.

"To see if our crazy engineer is still mistaking his orders properly."

"Hold on a minute. How did the enemy get wind of your plot so quickly? You can tell me that, can't you?"

"Oh, yes; I told you Hawk was one of the party in the private car. He fell off at the yard limits station and came back to town."

The night editor stood up and confronted his visitor.

"David, you are either the coolest plunger that ever drew breath—or the biggest fool. I wouldn't be standing in your shoes to-night for two such railroads as the T-W."

Kent laughed again and opened the door.

"I suppose not. But you know there is no accounting for the difference in tastes. I feel as if I had never really lived before this night; the only thing that troubles me is the fear that somebody or something will get in the way of my demented engineer."

He went out into the hall, but as Hildreth was closing the door he turned back.

"There is one other thing that I meant to say: when you get your two columns of sensation, you've got to be decent and share with the Associated press."

"I'm dud-dashed if I do!" said Hildreth, fiercely.

"Oh, yes, you will; just the bare facts, you know. You'll have all the exciting details for an 'exclusive,' to say nothing of the batch of affidavits in the off scandal. And it is of the last importance to me that the facts shall be known to-morrow morning wherever the Associated has a wire."

"Go away!" said the editor, "and don't come back here till I tell you to! I wonder somebody hasn't done it before this."

It wanted but a few minutes of it when Kent mounted the stair to the dispatcher's room in the Union station. He found M'Tosh, sitting at Donohue's elbow, and the shoulders on

the glass-topped table were crackling like overladen wires in an electric storm.

"Strike talk," said the train-master. "Every man on both divisions wants to know what's doing. Got your newspaper string tied up all right?"

Kent made a sign of assent.

"We are waiting for Mr. Patrick Callahan. Any news from him?"

"Plenty of it. Patsy would have a story to tell, all right, if he could stop to put it on the wires. Durgan ought to have caught that blamed right-of-way man and chloroformed him."

"I found him missing, as I 'phoned you. Anything come of it?"

"Nothing fatal, I guess, since Patsy is still humping along. But Hawk's next biff was mors to the purpose. He came down here with Halkett's chief clerk, whom he had hauled out of bed, and two policemen. The plan was to fire Donahue and me, and put Bicknell in charge. It might have worked if Bicknell had the sand. But he weakened at the last minute; admitted that he wasn't big enough to handle the dispatcher's trick. The way Hawk cursed him out was a caution to sinners."

"When was this?" Kent asked.

"Just a few minutes ago. Hawk went off ripping; aware he would find somebody who wasn't afraid to take the wires. And, between us three, I'm scared stiff for fear he will."

"Can it be done?"

"Dead easy, if he knows how to go about it—and Bicknell will tell him. The Overland people don't love us any too well, and if they did, the lease deal would make them side with Guilford and the governor. If Hawk asks them to lend him a train dispatcher for a few minutes, they'll do it."

"But the union?" Kent objected.

"They have three or four non-union men."

"Still, Hawk has no right to discharge you."

"Bicknell has. He is Halkett's representative, and—"

The door opened suddenly and Hawk danced in, followed by a man bare-



headed and in his shirt-sleeves, the superintendent's chief clerk, and the two officers.

"Now, then, we'll trouble you and your man to get out of here, Mr. M'Tosh," said the captain of the junto forces, vindictively.

But the trainmaster was of those who die hard. He protested vigorously, addressing himself to Bicknell and ignoring the ex-district attorney as if he were not. He, M'Tosh, was willing to surrender the office on an official order in writing over the chief clerk's signature. But did Bicknell fully understand what it might mean in loss of life and property to put a new man on the wires at a moment's notice?

Bicknell would have weakened again, but Hawk was not to be frustrated a second time.

"Don't you see he is only sparing time to gain time?" he snapped at Bicknell. Then to M'Tosh: "Get out of here, and do it quick! And you can, too," wheeling suddenly upon Kent.

Donohue had taken no part in the conflict of authority. But now he threw down his pen and clicked his key to cut in with the "G. S." which claims the wire instantly. Then distinctly, and a word at a time so that the slowest operator on the line could get it, he spelled out the message: "All Agents: Stop and hold all trains except first and second fast mail, westbound. M'Tosh fired, and office in hands of police—"

"Stop him!" cried the shirt-sleeved man. "He's giving it away on the wire!"

Donohue had signed his name and was putting on his coat.

"You're welcome to what you can find," he said, scowling at the interloper. "If you kill anybody now, it'll be your own fault."

"Arrest that man!" said Hawk to his policeman; but Kent interposed.

"If you do, the force will be two men shy to-morrow. The Civic league isn't dead yet." And he took down the numbers of the two officers.

There were no arrests made, and when the ousted three were clear of the room and the building, Kent asked an anxious question.

"How near can they come to smashing us, M'Tosh?"

"That depends on Callahan's nerve. The night operators at Dononal, Schofield and Agua Caliente are all Guilford appointees, and when the new man explains the situation to them, they'll do what they are told to do. But I'm thinking Patsy won't pull up for anything milder than a spiked switch."

"Go away!" said the editor, "and don't come back here till I tell you to! I wonder somebody hasn't done it before this."

The train-master shook his head.

"If Tischer is keeping close up behind, that would jeopardize more lives than Callahan's. But there is another thing that doesn't depend on nerve—Patsy's or anybody's."

"What's that?"

"Water. The run is 180 miles. The 1,010's tank is good for 100 with a train, or a possible 160, light. There is about one chance in a thousand that Callahan's crown-sheet won't get hot and crumble up on him in the last 20 miles. Let's take a car and go down to yard limits. We can sit in the office and hear what goes over the wires, even if we can't get a finger to help Patsy out of his troubles."

They boarded a Twentieth avenue car accordingly, but when they reached the end of the line, which was just across the track from the junction in the lower yards, they found the yard limits office and the shop surrounded by a cordon of militia.

"By George!" said M'Tosh. "They got quick action, didn't they? I suppose it's on the ground of the strike and possible violence."

Kent spun on his heel, heading for the electric car they had just left.

"Back to town," he said, "unless you two want to jump the midnight Overland as it goes out and get away while you can. If Callahan fails—"

"What is that following us?" asked Bucks.

"It's the fast mail," said Halkett.

Guilford turned livid and caught at the hand-rail.

"S-s-say—are you sure of that?" he gasped.

"Of course: it was an hour and 35 minutes late and we are on ita time."

"Then we can't stop unless somebody throws us on a siding!" quavered the receiver, who had a small spirit in a large body.

"I told M'Tosh to give the mail orders to make up her lost time or I'd fire the engineer—told him to cut out all the stops this side of Agua Caliente!"

"That's what you get for your infernal meddling!" snapped Halkett. In catastrophic moments many barriers go down; deference to superior officers among the earliest.

But the master spirit of the Junto was still cool and collected.

(To Be Continued)

Redeem Your Past Failures.

You may say that you have failed too often, that there is no use in trying, that it is impossible for you to succeed, and that you have failed too often even to attempt to get on your feet again. Nonsense! There is no failure for a man whose spirit is unconquered. No matter how late the hour, or how many and repeated his failures, success is still possible. The evolution of Scrooge, the miser, in the closing years of his life, from a hard, narrow, heartless money-grubber, whose soul was imprisoned in his shining heap of hoarded gold, to a generous, genial lover of his kind, is no mere myth of Dickens' brain. Time and again, in the history of our daily lives, chronicled in our newspapers, recorded in biographies, or exhibited before our eyes, we see men and women redeeming past failures, rising up out of the stupor of discouragement, and boldly turning face forward once more.

—O. S. Marden, in *Success Magazines*.

Calahan looked well to the switches, with the steam shut off and his hand dropping instinctively to the air; and the superintendent shrank into his corner and gripped the window ledge when the special roared past the warning signals and on through the town beyond. He had maintained a dazed silence since the episode of the flourished hammer, but now he was moved to yell across the cab.

"I suppose you know what you're in for, if you live to get out of this! It's 20 years, in this state, to pass a danger signal!" This was not all the superintendent said: there were forewords and interjections, emphatic but unprintable.

Calahan's reply was another flourish of the hammer, and a sudden out-pulling of the throttle-bar; and the superintendent subsided again.

But enforced silence and the grinding of conscious helplessness will sharpen the dullest wit. The swerving lurch of the 1,010 around the next curve set Halkett clutching for hand-holds, and the injector lever fell within his grasp. What he did not know about the working parts of modern locomotive was very considerable; but he did know that an injector, half opened, will waste water as fast as an inch pipe will discharge it. And without water the Irishman would have to stop.

Calahan heard the chuckling of the wasting boiler feed before he had gone a mile beyond the curve. It was a discovery to excuse bad language, but his protest was labd-like.

"Now, you scoundrel, I've got you in a place where no one can hear, and I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

The servant, though a man of powerful physique, squirmed, native like.

"Sah, you sure no one can hear!"

"Yes, you scoundrel, I've brought you here on purpose."

"Then, sah, I think I thrash you."

And he did it so thoroughly that his master was not visible for a week—Scotsman.

Before his promotion to the superintendent Halkett had been a ward boss in the metropolis of the state.

Thinking he saw his chance, he had it, and the blow knocked Callahan silly for the moment. Afterward there was a small free-for-all buffering match in the narrow cab in which the fireman took a hand, and during which the racing 1,010 was suffered to find her way alone. When it was over, Callahan spat out a broken tooth and gave his orders concisely.

"Up wid him over the coal, an' we'll put him back in the car where he belongs. Now, thin!"

Halkett had to go, and he went, not altogether unwillingly. And when it came to jumping across from the rear end of the tender to the forward vestibule of the Naught-seven, or being chucked across, he jumped.

Now it chanced that the governor and his first lieutenant in the great railway steal had weighty matters to discuss, and they had not missed the superintendent or the lawyer, supposing them to be still out on the rear platform enjoying the scenery. Wherefore Halkett's sudden appearance, maulmed, begrimed and breathless from his late tussle with the two engineers, was the first intimation of wrong-doing that had penetrated to the inner sanctum of the private car.

"What's that you say, Mr. Halkett?"

"—on the western division? Whereabouts?" demanded the governor.

"Arrest that man!" said Hawk to his policeman; but Kent interposed.

"If you do, the force will be two men shy to-morrow. The Civic league isn't dead yet." And he took down the numbers of the two officers.

"All Agents: Stop and hold all trains except first and second fast mail, westbound. M'Tosh fired, and office in hands of police—"

"Stop him!" cried the shirt-sleeved man. "He's giving it away on the wire!"

Donohue had signed his name and was putting on his coat.

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The Berea Bank & Trust Company.

Effective January first, the Capital Stock of the Berea Banking Company will be increased from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and the name will be changed to the Berea Bank and Trust Company. At the same time the amount of the surplus will be increased to \$10,000.

The Berea Bank and Trust Company will carry on a general banking business receive deposits, make collections, and loan money on personal or mortgage security, and in addition will be qualified to act as executor of estates, will be authorized to receive and administer trust funds, and will also be qualified to act as guardian and administrator.

Since its organization, a little over five years ago, it has been the constant aim of the Berea Banking Company to serve the people of Berea and vicinity faithfully and well, and to extend to its customers at all times every privilege consistent with safe banking methods. The steady growth of our business shows that our efforts in this direction have been appreciated.

The same liberal and progressive policy will be followed in the future. With a Capital twice as large as before, with a surplus of \$10,000, and with a Board of Directors composed of responsible men of clear judgment, ripe experience and keen business insight, the Berea Bank and Trust Company will be in position to give to the people of Berea and vicinity the very best banking accommodations. Convenience, Courtesy, Liberty and Safety are guaranteed to every customer of the Berea Bank and Trust Company.

The Board of Directors of the Berea Bank and Trust Company is made up of the following well-known men:

J. J. MOORE, President, Farmer;	B. T. FISH, Pres. Berea Telephone Co.	J. W. HERNDON, Farmer;
J. E. JOHNSON, Farmer;	C. H. BURDETTE, Contractor;	P. CORNELIUS, Physician;
J. W. DINSMORE, Teacher		W. H. PORTER, Cashier.

THE BEREA BANK & TRUST CO.

Berea and Vicinity.

GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

TAKE NOTICE.

There will be watch night service in the college chapel next Monday night. President Frost and Dr. Thomson will preach.

Miss Elton Jackson spent last Sunday in Richmond.

Miss Douglas of Wellington, Ohio, is here visiting her sister, Miss Hazel Douglas and her aunt, Miss Alice Douglas.

John Jackson is visiting friends and relatives at Speedwell this week.

Mrs. Dora Baker is visiting her mother on Depot street.

Mrs. Mollie Farmer and Nina King made a business trip up to Richmond last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. George Pow, now of Morgantown, Va., a graduate of the class of 1904, is spending the holidays with his friends here.

John Gabbard was in Richmond on Sunday.

Mr. Ralph Osborne, who has been attending school at Wheaton College, Ill., is home for the holidays.

Miss Hilda Welch, who has been at Campbell-Hagerman School at Lexington, Ky., came home Thursday for the holidays.

Phillip Hayes and daughter Lucy, and Howard Harrison are visiting relatives in Lexington and Paris.

There will be a box supper at Pilot Knob Church house Jan. 2. The proceeds will go for the benefit of the church.

Mrs. Ruth K. Todd is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. A. E. Todd.

Mrs. Mollie Coddington and son Harry are visiting relatives here. Mrs. Coddington will make quite an extended visit, while Mr. Coddington will only stay a few days.

Mr. Wesley Frost, a senior in Oberlin College and manager of the College paper there, is home for the holidays.

For Sale.—Fifty-nine acres of land three miles from Berea, close to the Berea and Kingston Pike; near the school house. For further particulars apply to Richard Kimball.

NEWS ITEMS

for Berea and Vicinity should be in the hands of the editor by Tuesday morning early if possible. Very important items may be inserted as late as Wednesday morning. We shall be glad to have any items of news handed in by our subscribers.

Farms for Sale.

Fifty-acre farms in Mississippi, school and church convenient, good land, well watered, on the railroad. Price, \$1500 to \$2000, according to improvements. Five years time, no interest. Supplies for first year to experienced farmers who can offer good references. For particulars address Southern Commercial Co., Natchez, Miss.

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BEREA, KENTUCKY.

* WHO SAID GROCERIES *

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Queen Alexandra, who was born in 1844, is not only a good but a brave queen. She still celebrates her birthday.

According to Walter Wellman the only way to reach the polo is by balloon. Either that or by way of the magazines.

This is the time of year when the rabbit doesn't know whether the morrow's sun will rise upon him as Bunny or Hassenpfeffer.

Unfortunately science produces no evidence tending to show whether Niagara Falls was put on earth for business or pleasure.

Sir Thomas Lipton makes a handsome defense of American hotels. But Sir Thomas was a favored guest when he stopped in them.

By putting up the earth as a stake for one to win and having the millions of men compete, opportunity would still be equal, if not reasonable.

The Harvard professor of international law who becomes Grand Vizier to the ruler of Siam will develop into a literal power behind the throne.

In attempting to shoot a man the other day a New York woman wounded two innocent bystanders—at least, they claimed that they were innocent.

In these days of piping prosperity even a poor man lives high, unless he has been quoted a line of produce prices not accessible to the general public.

The horse enjoys a certain advantage in the fact that the automobile accident is more spectacular and therefore more talked about than the ordinary runaway.

A Chicago woman wants a divorce because her husband prefers listening to a phonograph rather than her conversation. Her conversation must be something fierce, remarks the Washington Herald.

The Fort Edwards, N. Y., man who advertises for a wife who shall weigh 200 pounds or better, and be no society butterfly, evidently intends that there shall be no mistaking the meaning of his specifications.

A magazine asks: "What implement can equal the hairpin in the deft hands of a woman?" That's easy. A note, written in a delicate, feminine hand, found in her husband's vest pocket, will beat it every time.

A Baltimore newspaper announces that a prize performing flea which escaped from one of the theaters of the city had been captured. Thereby have been removed the apprehensions of those who witnessed its last exhibition.

The shah of Persia has just been stowed upon an American piano manufacturer the brilliant decoration of the Order of the Lion and the Sun. Some time ago the sultan of Turkey gave the same gentleman a decoration of similar character. There seems to be no doubt of the power of American piano music to soothe the Mohammedan breast.

Owing to considerable distress prevailing in many agricultural districts, writes Consul-General B. H. Ridgely, of Barcelona, the purchasing power of the Spanish peasants has been greatly curtailed. In former years a large trade was done throughout Spain in bleached linen and linen yarns. No household, however humble, but owned its set of linen sheets, which formed part of the dowry of every peasant girl on her wedding day. On account of the greater cost of linen, which has placed it among the list of luxuries, this once important branch of trade had dwindled down to an insignificant figure.

Public opinion in England has killed the soap combination, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Notwithstanding the workings of the "irresistible economic law of combination" the protests of the trade and of the public have been so positive and so emphatic that the power of \$60,000,000 capital was impotent to stand up against them. The refusal of the retailers to sell and of the public to buy a product, however meritorious, which bore the "trust mark" was too much for the promoters, and they have announced that they have found their plan of economic combination "unworkable" and that it has been terminated.

The census bureau has just published figures showing how rich the country was two years ago, but, remarks the Washington Times, most of us have spent what we had then.

The New Football Rules Are Life Savers

By GEORGE L. MEYLAN,
Director Gymnasium Columbia College.

WITH the approaching end of the first season under the new football rules the question is asked on all sides: "Has the number of injuries been decreased?" The coaches and medical attendants of a number of the leading teams in eastern colleges are unanimous in answering this question in the affirmative. At Harvard the number of injuries has been much smaller than last year. The report from Amherst says: "Not a man has been injured sufficiently to take him out of the game, except Crook, who has bad knee that often goes back on him when walking." Cornell has a very small list of accidents. The report for this year gives "one dislocated elbow (slight), several broken noses, two or three strained shoulders, two cases of water on the knee and half a dozen sprained ankles." This list of injuries is slightly smaller than last year.

At the University of Pennsylvania the number of injuries was markedly less this year than in 1905, when a large proportion of the players were on the hospital list during the greater part of the season.

Another striking proof that the new football is far less dangerous than last year is the decrease in the number of delays caused by injury to players. In several intercollegiate games this year there was no time taken out on account of injury to players, a feature never witnessed in any previous year. In the hard-fought Princeton-Cornell game time was called three times to allow some player to recover his wind after a hard tackle, but there was not a single player taken out on account of injury.

The number of deaths attributed directly or indirectly to football in 1905 was 19, but thus far only eight fatalities have been reported in 1906.

It appears, therefore, that the popular demand for a less dangerous game of football has been met in a large measure by the rules committee. The improvement has been secured mainly by three changes in rules. First, the ten-yard rule, which makes mass plays less profitable; second, the forward pass, which encourages open play; and, third, the more severe penalties for brutality and unnecessary roughness.

What the Good Wife Brings

By DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Of her own free will she crossed the threshold with her husband and knelt down on her marriage night to say: "Grant us, O God, to grow old together."

And from that hour, criticism of her husband's temperament, rebellion against his income or opportunity are treason. Others may criticize his modest salary, he may himself rebel against his environment—but a good wife never.

Another gift that a good wife brings to the house is order that lends beauty to every room. What unity is to the picture, that order is to the house. As a sphere, what the factory, the shop, or the store is to the husband, the house is to the wife. No merchant but understands that in the great store everything must be in its place. How scrupulously the books must be kept! With what accuracy each task must be fulfilled! Nothing must be slighted or overlooked.

Every woman owes it to her husband to bring economy into the house. And by this I do not mean that a man has a right to expect a woman to make bread without flour, make clothes without cloth, or pay bills without money. Socrates did that, and the result was—Xantippe.

It is a sin for a young woman to study French and German and music unless she can bake better bread, pies and cake than any cook that her husband's money can hire. A girl has no more right to expect to learn how to run a house after she is married than her young husband has to learn how to run a business and find a place after he is married.

A man must be a master at some business before he asks a woman to marry him, and a woman ought to be the absolute master of every detail of a house before she has a right to marry a man. Gather up the fragments. That is the law of the household. Blessed is the woman who has "faculty." Then, if disaster overwhelm her house, and death removes her husband, she holds in her resources a score of ways by which she can conserve the sweets of that honey life she calls her home.

The Wisdom of Early Marriages

By PROF. ROGER GOEJI HAMPSON,
Belgium.

Let girls marry at 18 and boys at 20 and the world will be relieved of some of its gravest problems. The great trouble is that men and women marry too late in life. Let us urge them to marry earlier.

The time has come for parents to realize they have made some grave mistakes. In the first place, it is a mistake for a rich father to bring up his son in ignorance of the responsibilities of an inheritance. Some fathers go on as if they expected to live forever. Every boy should be taught how to handle money, not alone for his own sake, but because he may some time have charge of other people's money.

But question more vital still is that of sex. There is a tendency among parents nowadays to assume an unwise timidity in speaking of such matters. If instead of being timid and obscure in their advice parents would be quite frank it would prevent much evil from which the world now suffers. To many girls the real meaning of marriage is a sealed book, and this is largely the fault of their mothers. From whom can they better look for advice than from their mothers? Yet the latter often remain silent because of want of courage to speak plainly.

I say to mothers, give your daughters the benefit of your own wisdom, and when they become women, they will not have to accept that servile and ornamental place which men are wont to assign to them.

Society is full of misery due to the blunders of parents in failing to speak out. How much of the evil in our great cities comes from this it would be dismal to contemplate. As a young man, I say to fathers: "Speak to your sons, and remember that the best education a father can give is in the example of your own life."

ROOSEVELT OBEYS

WISHES OF THE WOMAN WHO LOVED HIM TO THE LAST.

LEFT ESTATE TO THE PRESIDENT.

Ordered Government Officials To Bury Her—Steal Her Hiding Place of Her Hoard.

New York, Dec. 22.—That President Roosevelt took charge of the funeral of Mrs. Lulu Grover, who committed suicide two weeks ago, after making a will leaving him all her property, is indicated by facts unearthed by local detectives.

Persons have been found to whom Mrs. Grover told a story of having known President Roosevelt when he was a youth on a ranch in Dakota and of meeting him in this city when he rose to prominence in subsequent detections.

Arrangements for the funeral of Mrs. Grover were made by United States District Attorney Silliman and secret service operatives. The secret service men also seized all of Mrs. Grover's letters and papers and other possessions, and took them away from the house in which she killed herself.

The only mourners at the funeral outside of the undertaker and his daughter were Mrs. Richard H. Connor and Secret Service Operative Tate. The body was cremated and Tate took charge of the ashes.

Met When Both Were Young.

Mrs. Connor was Mrs. Grover's closest friend, and knew more of her history than any other person. She said:

"I knew Mrs. Grover for about two years before she killed herself. We came to know each other through our common love of cats and good books. Little by little I came to know the facts of her life. She first met the president on her father's ranch. Her maiden name was Smith. Mr. Smith had a ranch in North Dakota, near Madero. President Roosevelt, then a young man, stopped on the ranch and Mrs. Grover, then a girl, admired him greatly.

Whether or not there was any return of what in Mrs. Grover afterward became affection I was never able to find out, but I think not. Mrs. Grover herself never lost her feeling for the president. Her rooms were full of pictures and photographs of him, and she had every book he had ever written; in fact, every one of his messages as president, and every scrap of print that ever bore his name.

"She was a woman who had handsome diamonds and some money. She had enough money to live on, and when she died she had \$700 in the bank. Before she died she sent a letter to the president, and in that letter she told him she had left him all her property.

"We were in her rooms the day after her death trying to find her jewelry, when suddenly two men entered. They said they were secret service men. They went straight to the fireplace and opening it took from it Mrs. Grover's jewels, which we had been unable to find.

NEGRO SHOOTS MACKLIN.

Captain To Be Court-Martialed Under Roosevelt's Order Wounded.

El Reno, Okla., Dec. 22.—Capt. Edgar A. Macklin, of Company C, 25th United States Infantry, was shot twice and dangerously wounded by a negro, and the killer is expressed here that it was one of the members of the troop discharged by President Roosevelt for participating in the Brownsville riots.

On December 14 the secretary of war, upon recommendation of the general staff, ordered the trial by court-martial of Capt. Macklin for "conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline in failing to exercise due diligence in preventing the occurrence of rioting at Brownsville last August."

ARMY LOOKS FOR JAP SPIES.

Columbus, O., Dec. 22.—Officers of the regular army here are on the lookout when it became known that orders had been issued that all Japanese peddlers or visitors at the barracks be hauled before the commander when found inside the guard lines. According to reports current there is suspicion that the Japanese may be endeavoring, through a force of spies, to ascertain such facts as might be of value to the mikado's army.

"Good!" said Ralph heartily. "Mother is going to give a little party in his honor, and we'll try to make up for what we've said and done."

"Yes, I'll play to-morrow," said Joe, with a light in his dark eyes, as they told him of their plan. "I'll pitch."

"I'd rather he'd said anything else," groaned Phillip. "To-morrow we are to play the Kenneth boys, and we'll be defeated sure as the world. I thought he wanted to practice a little first, but he thinks he can play right away."

"He's actually got a smile on his face," said John, as Joe stepped out to his place the day of the game with the Kenneth boys. "He'll lose that before the second inning, for these fellows will fairly eat us up. Did you tell him to let some one else do the pitching, Phillip?"

"Of course, but he didn't take my modest advice. I'm shaking in my shoes, but what can I do? We'll have to take our dose and make the best of it. Some of us are too much to face to turn him down, no matter what he does."

"It's no fair having a professional on your team," growled one of the Kenneth boys before many balls had been sent by Joe's strong arm. "Striking out three men right hand running shows he's no amateur. It's a mean sneaking trick!"

PEST STAMPED OUT.

Havana, Dec. 22.—For the first time since last August Cuba is now free from yellow fever, the last case having been discharged. This time last year there were twelve cases in the island.

The Story of "Injun Joe"

"Boys, have you heard about the new boy in town?" asked Phillip Hay, meeting his classmates on the way to baseball grounds.

"No; who is he?" asked four voices at once.

"Mrs. Cary has brought her nephew to stay with her a year," explained Phillip. "He's a half-breed Indian, and I wish you could see him. Long hair, high cheekbones and all that, and he wears some sort of a rigging under his coat that looks like a buckskin all embroidered. I tell you he's a gay one."

"Boys," said Mrs. Cary, coming up just then, "this is my nephew, Joe Frederic. I hope you all will be good friends with him."

The boys stared, but none of them offered to shake hands, and Mrs. Cary went on with Joe, as none asked him to go to the ball game.

"Looks like a surly fellow," said one. "He must be 15."

"No, only 13," said Phillip. "If she expects us to take that long-haired Injun into all our games, she'll be disappointed."

So "Injun Joe," as the boys called him, had a lonely time of it all that winter.

"Let's go fishing," proposed John Gray one day in early spring. "I be-

"Ain't he a wonder?" gasped John, breathless from a dash around the bases. "We don't deserve such luck."

Joe's eyes gleamed, as he did wonderful things with the ball and bat that afternoon. His strong, young frame seemed made of elastic iron as he scored one point after another for his team.

Without a word a sent back that astonished the opposite side as they vainly butted the air in their efforts to strike them. Truly the only lad there not surprised was Joe himself, as he calmly struck out man after man, as if that were his regular vocation.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the boys, catching up the once despised Injun Joe for a parade about the town. Mrs. Cary saw them coming and rushed out with cake and fruit for the whole crowd, so joyous was she to see her tall nephew honored.

"I could have told you long ago what Joe used to do at Carlisle when he went to school there," she said proudly. "Joe doesn't say much about himself, but he's a great player just the same."

"And to think if we hadn't fallen into the water that day we would never have had all these mysteries," said John, after a very successful



"Take," He Said, Briefly, as He Brought Up Phillip, Pale and Struggling.

Leave the fish would bite at the deep hole."

"If there isn't Injun Joe in our fishing place," said Phillip as they neared the deep hole where generations of boys had angled for catfish, perch and crappie. "I call that cheek."

"I'll tell him to move on," said John, "and if he refuses we'll throw him in. We can cross on this log."

Just as three of the lads were on the old log it gave way and threw them into the stream, swollen with the spring freshets.

The other boys stood as if paralyzed, but Injun Joe dropped the pole and ran lightly to the place where the boys had gone down, throwing off his clothes as he went.

"Take!" he said briefly, as he brought up Phillip, pale and struggling, and started back for the others. John helped his friend to the bank, where he stood with chattering teeth watching the brave Indian boy take Ralph by the hair and start for the bank. Ned, by

A New Year's Resolution

By JANE CRAWFORD

THE diffidence of Thomas Wentworth was disturbing to his soul's peace. For six months he had been vainly trying to propose to Helen Griswold. Opportunities had not been lacking. Together they had studied moonlight effects from shadowy porches. They had discussed life and love in cozy corners, but the all-important words remained unsaid. Every attempt to speak them left him in a state of quaking disgust. At last he framed a little speech that exactly suited his needs. During all his conscious moments, yea, most of the unconscious ones, he rehearsed it, with more or less dramatic effect. Time and again he had gone with the strength of Samson to present it; like Samson, he had departed, shorn of his strength by a woman.

"Ah, but such a woman!" She had eyes like violets—big ones—that spoke volumes; but it was a language he couldn't understand, so he



For Six Months He Said, He Had Longed to Tell Her—To Ask Her—continued his rehearsals. Now on the last evening of the old year, pacing back and forth across his room, he was still rehearsing the speech with interpolations of the one New Year's resolution he had deemed worth while,

THE NEW YEAR

By W. Reed Denroy



The year departs with all his joys, With all his hopes and fears, With all his losses and his gains, With all his smiles and tears, And in his place a smiling lad The brand New Year appears. The ancient figure fades away, Is swallowed up in gloom, With solemn tread we bear him forth And lay him in his tomb, Then turn to greet his son who comes With red mouth like a bloom. Unfold the page and start the song To come! What is to come? And of the past and all it was.

Let every lip be dumb, The future beckons with a smile, And, hark! the forward drum.

Adown the pathway let us go With hope to be our guide,

With roses strewn along the way

The ugly thorns to hide,

The New Year comes with joyous tread,

So greet him in his pride.

The lessons we have learned are safe,

We hold them in the breast,

The hateful things are all forgot;

Remembering the best,

Once more we fare along life's path

And leave to time the rest.

that before the New Year dawned he would ask her. He would be a blithering fool no longer.

"I'll ask her to-night," he announced. Her mother was giving an informal dance to watch the old year out. Not less than 100 men would be there to tribe the orchestra for extra selections, or prolonged numbers, which they would sit out, or dance, with the lady of his heart.

"But," grimly, "I'll ask her. It's quite simple."

In his steady tramp around the room he knocked down a Japanese rice screen.

"In Japan they have a go-between. That must be a comfort."

Good Old Times in Oregon.

Return to the "good old times," would you? Then rise on a cold morning and wash at the pump, pull on a pair of rawhide boots that rival a tin can in stiffness, pull on a woolen shirt over your back and sit down to a bare meal with your three-legged stool dangling around on a slip-shod floor, eat corn pone and bacon for a steady diet and labor 14 hours out of 21. Go without a daily paper, a fly screen, a mosquito bar, a spring mattress, a kerosene lamp; gee-haw your oxen to market and sit on the floor of an ox cart as you wend your way to church or a frolic. Patch corn

and peas for coffee and use sassafras for tea, and see how you like it.—Arlington Record.

Heard on the Corner.
"What do you intend to do, to-night, Jack?"

"The same thing that I have done every New Year's eve for the last ten years."

"What's that?"
"Sweat off, so that I can start to fresh to-morrow."

New Year.
Every one cackles
And wrings his fingers;
This is the season
For fresh laid leaves.

"Go-between," he repeated the word several times. It had a pleasant suggestiveness. He smiled broadly. "Certainly! Of course, why not? I'll write it!"

He literally fell upon pen and paper. His tongue never could have formed the words that followed his facile pen. The accumulation of six months' silence was laid before her eyes. The letter was a gem. The essential part of it was that if her answer was yes, would she, when he entered the ballroom that night, simply lay the violets that he would send with this letter against her face? For just a second! He would understand.

The violets matched her eyes. He had often said so. There was no time to lose. He telephoned the florist to whose coffers he contributed.

"Oh, send a bushel!" he laughed, happily, like a schoolboy perpetrating a joke.

"I have a note to send, deliver them here."

The flowers arrived by a messenger who looked like the chief emissary of Icarus Cupid. Tom untied the violet cord, lifted out a bunch of the choicest blossoms about the size of a prize canthillower, smiled approval, retied the box, addressed the card and with a generous tip to the boy started him on his errand. Then, with a strange peace possessing him, he awaited a seemly hour to present himself to learn his fate.

Only the family was present when he arrived. The effusion of their greeting would have set at rest his thumping heart, could he have seen anything but the girl, who, standing in a circle of light made by the pink shaded lamp on the piano, was holding the violets. With a smile full upon him, she slowly lifted the flowers and for a fraction of a second buried her face in their sweetness.

He looked at her as Jacob looked at Rachel when his seven years of service were ended. When the chance was given them for a moment alone, he seized not only the chance, but, unawares of possible damage to chiffon ruffles, he likewise seized the girl. The right words came at last. For six months, he said, he had longed to tell her, and to ask her.—

"But, Tom," she gasped, "you haven't yet—"

Her protest was smothered, and he lost no time in finishing what he had to say, reaching the climax by demanding an early date for their wedding.

"Hut, Tom, dear! you haven't—"

Mother entered softly, in time to hear her daughter in a strangely muffled voice answer, "June."

Mother was an astute woman. She withdrew softly, but a listener might have heard her pious ejaculation: "Thank heaven! The New Year promises well."

The dying hours of the old year passed in the merriest dance the Griswold home had ever known. The bells

GOD THE CREATOR

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 6, 1907

Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Genesis 1:1-3: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."—Gen. 1:1.

GENESIS.—The title of the book means "origin, creation, beginnings." It belongs to that which is known as the Pentateuch, or five books supposed to have been written by Moses.

SCIENTIFIC REFERENCES.—John 1:1-5; Psalm 19:1-6; Acts, 14:17; Romans, 1:20.

THE CREATION.—The story of creation is told in the simplest and briefest and most orderly way, as if to write it indelibly on the mind and memory of the young. It gives the impression of an inspired document, as some one has suggested, like the Ten Commandments on the Tablets of Stone. Its poetic form aids the memory, while the mere scientific records of God's acts and facts of God's

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

All are agreed that the Scriptures were not given to teach science, and do not teach science. They do not use scientific language, they do not teach science, but state facts in every literary form, in the common language of daily life. Hence, the varying theories of science do not affect its truth. A good example is the difference between the plain statement that the "sun sets," and the scientific statement about the sun standing still and the earth revolving. Most of the objections made to the accuracy of the Genesis account arise from the disregard of this principle, either in regard to geology or language. Ruskin well says (Modern Painters, Vol. IV, "Firmament") "With respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it is intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only; and that, therefore, the most simple and natural interpretation is likeliest in general to be the true one."

Professor Rice, in his latest revision of Dana's school geology, repeatedly gives the general order of development. Plants, rhizopods (the earliest animal life), mollusks, fishes, reptiles, birds, mammals, man. A biologist tells me that while plant life and animal life began at nearly the same time, yet as plant life was the sum of fewer qualities than animal life, plant life was lower in the scale than animal life, and before animal life in the sense that animal life directly or indirectly depended on plant life. Professor Rice calls these periods "the reign," or "the era," "the kingdom," "the group" of fishes, of reptiles, etc., and adds this note: "These expressions . . . are not to be understood as implying that the several groups of animals mentioned were confined to the era named in connection with them, but only that they were the most characteristic species of the era." That note should be understood as belonging to the description of each "day" in the Genesis record, and the word "day" should be interpreted as freely, as are "reign" and "kingdom" without any king. In the common language of a great geologist.

The opening sentence of the Bible is, perhaps, the most weighty sentence ever uttered. It is a declaration on nearly all the great problems now exercising scientists and philosophers—God, creation, the whole, eternity, cause, time, space, infinity, force, design, intelligence, will, destiny."—Austin Blieberow.

The unity of God. There is one God, and only one. In the earlier theological treatises, up to a very late date, one of the first things was to prove by all known arguments the unity of God. In our day science has settled the question. The unity of creation proclaims the unity of God. So far as geology has revealed the past, so far as the telescope and spectrum analysis, which have marvelously widened our knowledge of late years, can tell us—all parts of the universe are constructed on one plan and of the same materials.

The everlasting God is a personal God, with all the characteristics which make our souls personal, and how many more we know not. He has will, and wisdom, and affections, and power. He is "infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth."

This Creator God is our Creator and our Father. If we sum up in one ideal all that has been written or imagined, or found in all history, of the best that belongs to earthly fatherhood, we can get some idea of what the fatherhood of God means to us.

The fact that we have a God and Father brings with it certain duties—devotion, love, worship, prayer. Compare the first four commandments.

It also brings great privileges. Communion with such a God, the constant presence of such an ideal, has a mighty character-forming power.

There is comfort, hope, strength, life,

all good, in the consciousness that the infinite God is our Father, guide, and friend.

Practical Points.

God's works are a revelation of himself, as well as his word. Neither of them can we fully understand without the other. We need to make a study of both.

We learn from God's works of creation something of his wisdom, power, goodness, and love. The more we study them the more we learn to love, to wonder and adore. This wise and good God is our father; we look upon his works and say, "My father made them all." We rest in the love of the strongest; we trust in the guiding care of the wisest.

MEMORY OF "JOE" HAS FLED

NOTED STATESMAN STRICKEN IN MIND AND BODY.

American Wife Shows Her Tiresome Affection By Nursing Him Day and Night.

London, Dec. 21.—Both the friend and foes of Joseph Chamberlain, the former colonial secretary, were shocked to learn that the mind of the McKinley of England has become a blank.

It was known that he was bedridden with gout and other ailments, and

it was said that he would never again enter the political arena. But that the great advocate of protection had lost also memory is an astounding revelation.

It is not so many months ago that the brilliant statesman was heard in a strong speech in Birmingham against free trade.

It is stated that he greatly overtaxed his strength at the celebration in honor of his 70th birthday at Birmingham with the result that he lost his memory completely. He can not now remember what has taken place even a few hours before.

The scenes at Highbury, the famous "Orchid" villa of the Chamberlains, as described by the newspaper correspondents, are pathetic in the extreme. The political lion lies helpless on his couch, his spirit showing anxiety to return to the parliamentary fray, but his frail physical and mental faculties are unable to obey the invisible power within him. At times he seems unable to recognize his closest friends.

His good wife, who, it will be remembered, is the daughter of the late W. C. Endicott, of Massachusetts President Cleveland's first secretary of war, nurses him faithfully day and night.

In a Birmingham speech two years ago Mr. Chamberlain said regarding his American wife:

"In all the storm and turmoil and stress of the troublous times from which we are now emerging, I have had at least one source of solace in my wife. When under the double burden of the great responsibility that has fallen on me, and the venomous attack and lying misrepresentation of our professional enemies, my courage seemed like failing, her wise counsel and unbroken optimism sustained me. She has fortified me by her courage and cheered me by her sympathy. I have found in her my best and truest counselor."

BIG STICK WAS NOT EFFECTIVE

In Terrorizing 'Frisco's Board of Education.

San Francisco, Dec. 21.—Mrs. Florrie Harris, widely known as a missionary, recently addressed a communication to the San Francisco board of education, in which she deplored the Japanese in public schools, and criticized what she termed "the provincial spirit" of the local officials. She deprecated the attempt to classify the Japanese as "Orientals," and expressed surprise that the children of any foreign residents should be "excluded from the public schools."

The board of education has framed a reply which will be mailed to Mrs. Harris. This reply asserts that the Japanese have not been "excluded" from the schools, "despite the fact that no less a personage than the president of the United States has employed a similar assertion in framing a message to congress and notwithstanding the wholly unfair report made of the entire school incident by the secretary of commerce and labor, Victor H. Metcalf."

Battle Royal On Negro Question.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Senator Joseph H. Foraker delivered one of the most powerful and dramatic speeches ever heard in the United States Senate. The senator's subject was the recent wholesale discharge of colored troops without trial for alleged participation in riots at Brownsville, Tex. For two weeks Mr. Foraker discussed the affair. The conclusion he drew at every turn of his argument was that President Roosevelt far exceeded his legal and constitutional rights in what he did, and that the colored battalion was far more sinless than sinner. The speech was well received, and at its conclusion the senator was warmly congratulated.

Hitchcock Defies Senate.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Secretary of Interior Hitchcock, who was called before the senate committee on Indian affairs, declared that his order withdrawing 4,000,000 acres of land belonging to the five civilized tribes will stand, and the land will not be restored unless the investigation as to the legality of his act now in progress develops that he exceeded his authority.

Fired the Governor.

Jackson, Miss., Dec. 21.—After a row between Gov. Vardaman and other members of the board of control over the sale of cotton seed the board adopted caustic resolutions firing the governor from the committee on production.

Misused the Mails.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Fred M. Colvin of this city, was arrested by a United States deputy marshal on the charge of using of the United States mails in an illegal manner to further the sale of stock in a mining company located near Sandia, Col.

Creates a Bitch.

Rome, Dec. 21.—The pope received in private audience Cardinal Gottlieb, prefect of the propaganda, who submitted the appointment of Rev. A. Guerini to be bishop of Manchester N. H. The appointment was ratified

1855

Berea College 1906-7

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THE MODEL SCHOOLS for those least advanced. Same lectures, library and general advantages as for more advanced students. Arithmetic and the common branches taught in the right way. Drawing, Singing, Bible, Handwork, Lessons in Farm and Household Management, etc. Free text books.

TRADE COURSES for any who have largely finished common branches. The most practical and interesting studies to fit a young person for an honorable and useful life.

ACADEMY, REGULAR COURSE, 2 years, for those who have largely finished common branches. The most practical and interesting studies to fit a young person for an honorable and useful life.

ACADEMY, COMMERCIAL, 2 years to fit for business. Even a part of this course, as fall and winter terms, is very profitable. Small extra fees.

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COLLEGIATE, four years, Literary, Scientific and Classical courses, with use of laboratories, scientific apparatus, and all modern methods. The highest educational standards.

NORMAL, three and four-year courses fit for the profession of teaching. First year, parallel to 8th grade Model Schools, enables one to get a first-class certificate. Following years (winter and spring terms) give the information, culture and training necessary for a true teacher, and cover branches necessary for State certificate.

MUSIC, Singing

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

Correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

JACKSON COUNTY.

CLOVER BOTTOM.

Dec. 23.—James Baker has opened a brick-yard.—School at this place closed last Friday, many visitors were present and a good time was reported. Sorry to lose such a good instructor and teacher as Miss Moyers.—John Young of Climax and George Wild were the guests of Lewis McGuire and family, Sunday.—Born on the 14th to Mr. and Mrs. John Durham twin boys one of which is now dead.—Mrs. Fred Bales of near this place came near being drowned Wednesday night. She was rescued and Dr. Baker was summoned. She is said to be in a critical condition.—Died on the 15th, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Cassine Van. Death was due to croup.—James Durham had a barn raising Wednesday at his new home. The ladies also had a quilting bee.

SAND GAP

Dec. 23.—Bradley, the little son of John Durham was very badly lost a few nights ago. The whole neighborhood was aroused in searching for him, and after midnight succeeded in finding him at the home of William Morris on Birch Lick.—Mrs. Newton Hurley and little daughter Gracie, have been very sick but are slowly improving.—Mrs. James W. Williams and Mrs. Isaac Hobbs are on the sick list.—Ora, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Johnson, died of consumption the 15th of this month. The remains were entered in the Durham cemetery beside those of her brother, whose death was only one month previous to hers. It is indeed a sad incident and the community extends greatest sympathy to the bereaved family.—Andy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Huff, is very low with typhoid.—Old aunt Elizabeth Williams who has been ill for some time, is up again.—Nathan Pearson is having his houses finished. He says they will be more comfortable and sort of look better.—Rosie and Maggie Harrison went to mill Tuesday.—Ed. Durham is spending Christmas with Wind Carriers.—Your correspondent wishes to correct a little mistake made in the printing of the Sand Gap news in the issue of the Citizen of Dec. 8, wherein was stated that Tyler the nursery agent, said the sooner he had fruit the sooner he would get married, etc. Mr. Tyler did not say that, but C. S. Durham was putting out his fruit trees and said the earlier he had fruit the earlier he would get married, etc.—Happy New Year to all.

MIDDLE FORK

Dec. 20.—We have had lots of rain and fine tides for logs floating at this place.—Wes. Angel, Robert Tinsley and others made a business trip to Livingston, Monday.—Mr. Doss and John Wilson made a pleasant call at Wes. Angel's Saturday night and attended church at Letter Box, Sunday.—Miss Dennis Cole was the guest of Misses Dellie and Minnie Angel Saturday night.—Mrs. Wes. Angel and Miss Dellie Angel visited Mrs. Mary Cale Sunday last.—Mr. and Mrs. John Summers have a bouncing boy.

MAULDEN

Dec. 24.—Sam Wolfe, who has been in the picture business, has returned home.—There was a candy party at Audy Minter's Saturday night, with quite a large crowd in attendance.—The widow Wilson's children are ill with whooping cough.—Misses Lottie and Cara Davis attended church at Maulden Sunday.—There is going to be an exhibition at the Bethlehem School New Years day.—We are having lots of rain and snow.—Floating staves has been the occupation of the boys for the past week.—Mr. Herbert Moore has been ill but is somewhat better.—There was a Christmas tree at Hickory Flat last Saturday.—Alfred Moore, who has been teaching at Sand Springs, returned home Friday.—Miss Fannie Davis and Miss Maggie Welsh are talking of attending school at Berea this winter.

HURLEY

Dec. 21.—There was a big tide in Indian Creek Monday; the school teacher, being water bound had to dismiss school.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hurely a fine girl, Sunday morning.—J. W. and Lewis Marcus of Waneta, Kentucky, passed thru here this week buying fur hides.—Johnnie Lake of this place sold Green Lake of Evergreen a mule, Monday for \$110.—John Morris of this place is very low with heart trouble.—Jack Lake and his son Jobie and Lewis of Horse Lick, visited Johnnie Lake of this place Sunday night, and attended county court at McKee Monday.—Isaac Morris of Pine Knot visited

as for the most part to prevent them from getting sick.

STARTING FOR SCHOOL.

The time for starting is right here. You want to plan to start so as to get to Berea on the opening day, January 2, which is Wednesday, or else on the day before.

When the time comes, start, and do not wait for anything. If your dress is not quite done, wear your old one and bring thread and needle and finish the dress after you get here! If you have not seen one of the friends you wanted to see, never mind—come right along—remember there is a post office.

Enjoy the journey. Look at the beauties of nature all along the road; make friends with the people you meet, cheer and help those who are coming with you.

Don't be troubled or confused when you get here. You can quickly find friends, and learn the things you need to know the first day.

Read over the College announcement on page five of this paper. It possible send your dollar deposit to Secretary Gamble so he may know you are coming and reserve a room for you.

First find your room. Young ladies go directly to the Ladies' Hall and inquire for Miss Robinson or Miss Welsh. Young men go to the rear of the Stone Library Building, and see Mr. Carmichael. If you have engaged a room these officers will have it ready for you. If not they will help you to the best room that is left. At this time you make your Dollar Deposit, and get a receipt for it. You will find Berea full of friendly people.

After this you will wish to see the Dean of Women or the President for advice about which department to enter, etc., and they will take down your name and address, and the address of your parents. Then you will see the man at the head of the department you wish to enter. The school is like an army, but you will soon find your own regiment and company! This "assigning officer or Dean," as he is called, will assign you to the classes in which you can make most rapid progress.

Finally you will get a "schedule," which is a paper on which is written all your classes and appointments. When you settle with the Treasurer he signs this schedule, and then you are a student, entitled to all the privileges of the institution. You can draw books from the library, you have a seat in the Chapel, you have a time when you can use the elegant bathroom, you are on the straight road to happiness and honor and usefulness!

Every day you will learn something new. Some things you will find different from what you expected. Some you will not like as well as you expected, and some you will like a great deal more. When you have been here a month, you will wish you had come a year ago, and by the time you have been here a term you will have more friends in Berea than you have anywhere else.

But you do not come mainly to have



PART OF THE FIRST YEAR ACADEMY CLASS
Many more, absent to teach, will return for winter term.



THE NEW CHAPEL
Built by Students of Berea College.

HOUSES TO RENT

For Families Educating Their Children.

The College Treasurer has several desirable dwellings to rent to families who wish to spend a term or more in Berea for the benefit of



their children. Houses like the above, containing four rooms furnished with bedsteads, tables, chairs, heating and cooking stoves, rent for eight dollars per term. Other houses containing smaller rooms, or with barns and gardens, for somewhat higher rental. Preference given always to families with children to educate. For regulations and further particulars address the Treasurer, or call on him at his office in the rear of the Library Building, any morning at 9:45.

T. J. OSBORN, Treasurer.



THE COLLEGE BAND.

DID YOU KNOW?

The College Boarding Hall was never so popular as this year? During the first weeks of the fall term the young men at the Hall gained an average of 7.88 pounds apiece, and the young ladies gained on an average 6.19 pounds each! That means good living.

The College has now a really fine gymnasium floor, with considerable apparatus, and a regular instructor. Every student who does not have just enough manual labor, and many who do, will here find a chance to exercise, have fun, and learn how to walk, stand and breathe as God intended.

The College provides a nurse and doctor for any student who may be sick, without extra charge. What is still better, the doctor looks after the health of the students all the time; so

For Sale

I have for sale 60 acres of land, lying near the pine and on the Garrard county line, 2½ or 3 miles west from Berea, adjoining the land of Frank Taylor. I also have one sorgum mill and evaporator at my place. I wish to sell. Call on or address me at Kirksville, Ky.

JAMES R. HENRY

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS
Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W.
GROVES signature is on each box. 25¢.

For Sale:—Fifty-nine acres of land three miles from Berea, close to the Berea and Kingston Pike; near the school house. For further particulars apply to Richard Kimbrell.

"Seeing the Southwest" EXCURSIONS

Doubtless you have heard of the bumper crops which have been raised in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and New Mexico. Have you compared them with results obtained in your section? Is your work where you are bringing you in adequate returns for the capital invested and the labor expended? If not, a change would be beneficial perhaps. A visit to the southwest will open your eyes. Out in Oklahoma the best land opening is soon to take place; farms are still very cheap in Western Arkansas, Northern Louisiana, and the Gulf Coast of Texas. Let us give you full information about these sections. You will want to see them after you have examined our illustrated literature.

VERY LOW RATES FOR ONE WAY AND ROUND TRIP to Southwestern points the First and Third Tuesdays of each month.

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